DECLARATION without Doors.

O Ye *Britains* draw near,
With Attention give Ear
To my moſt profound Declaration,
It may do you ſome good
Tho' I'm not underſtood,
By 20 Wiſemen in the Nation.

I'm a P———t M——r
Who ſhall ſit in *N——er*,
To ſettle the N——'s Affairs,
Make T— and L—,
Not forgetting a Clauſe
About the High Church's Repairs.

The High Church's Power
Has to this very Hour,
Been of all my Caballing the true end;
But I ſwear by my M——,
If you don't chooſe me ———,
The Cauſe will be certainly ruin'd.

I have ſent Horſe and Man
To do all they can,
To ingage all your V— for the C——,
Some Money I've paid,
And more Promiſes made,
Of fine things I'll do when I come there.

I was ſw[orn] to the C[hurch],
Both t[he] Coa[t] and P[urſe],
And I'm fond of the Name of High-Flyer;
I have ſhewn my good will
For Occaſional Bill,
And to ſet the whole N—— on F—.

If I get in the C——,
It will quickly appear
Who is for the Church, and who not, Sir,
I'll wipe off the Paint,
Made me look like a Saint,
And Moderation ſhall die on the ſpot, Sir.

I was Choſen for the Neſts
Of your Highflying P——,
Thoſe dainty young Sons of *Apollo*;
Now my Wit's at a head,
I'm appointed to lead,
And I'm ſure that S. H—— will follow.

My Learning t' Advance,
I Travell'd to *France*,
From *Paris* quite down to *Toulouſe*,
Where they make People pray,
The Government's way,
And Convert them *a mode de Dragoon*.

Before I came Home,
I Travell'd to *Rome*,
And receiv'd the Infallible Bleſſing;
I ne're ſcrupled to bow,
To the Slipper or Toe
And beſtow'd a true Proteſtant Kiſſing.

I view'd the great Church,
And admir'd the Porch,
And I counted the ſteps to the Altar,
I went to the Matin,
Said my Prayers in *Latin*
And I ſung to her Ladyſhip's Pſalter.

I Bleſs'd the Three Nations
With my wiſe Obſervations,
That they might my Learning Inherit,
But as ſoon as 'twas Printed,
I ſincerely repented,
'Twas ſo laugh'd at I never could bear it.

Now from Popery and *Rome*
I'm to *C——y* come,
Where I'm quite overrun with Religion;
The High Church and I
Such Experiments try
You would ſwear we had *Mahomet*'s Pidgeon.

The Occaſional Bill
Was fram'd in our Mill,
Of true Catholick Preparation;
The Warp and the Woof
Look'd like Proteſtant Stuff,
But the Devil was in the Faſhion.

I Huzza'd for the Tack,
For I was always a Jack,
And was fond of *Jure Divino*;
But with what intent,
Or what 'twas I meant,
That's a thing neither you know nor I know.

To High-Church I'm as true,
As a Proteſtant blue,
And fain wou'd Diſſenters be Mobbing,
But we had ſuch a defeat
In *C——y* Street,
That we're damnably 'fraid of their drubbing.

I hate Moderation,
It has ruin'd the Nation,
Both the B——s and Q—— are infected;
Do but ſet me it'h' C——
I'll the High-Church repair,
And Religion ſhall ſoon be diſſected.

We have made ſuch advances
You'd think them R——mances
All the Churches on Earth to Unite-a,
That *Mahomet* and wee,
May quickly agree,
And *Rome* ſhall no more Men affright-a.

Our true *Engliſh* C——,
Shall to Popery approach,
And Popery to her ſhall advance;
The Siſters ſhall kiſs,
Paſt by what's amiſs,
And we ſhall ſhake hands, Sir, with *France*.

Thus the Tools of the Age,
Shall quickly grow Sage,
When they Cant of their Union and Peace, Sir;
This will Union convey,
The true Catholick way,
And the World ſhall be all of a Piece, Sir.

If the Whigs and Diſſenters,
Should think to prevent us,
And oppoſe us with d—— Moderation,
By Unanimous V——,
We will cutt all their T——,
And ſo we'll Unite the whole Nation.

F I N I S.